

### The "84's" Prove Similar In Crop Prospects Anyway

● The birthday recorded in the July 5th issue: would that be the advent into the world of the late Hon. Wm. Morton?

● Editor Moodie frequently refers to Mr. Fahrni in his columns rather affectionately as "Chris, boy," indicating probably that Chris was the kind of citizen he liked; that is, hard-working and progressive to the "nth" degree. He is quick to note who buys the first hay-loader, comments on it briefly, and then follows up as the machine is put to work, and how it works, too. History owes much to the Moodies for their good reporting. And remember there were no telephones to help get in the news items.

● It must have been at a later date in our history that church congregations got a little "uppity" about who took over their pulpits. Rev. Murdin (Baptist) substitutes for Rev. Dan Stalker (Presbyterian) and editor Moodie reports no one walking out.

● "Mr. McComb, of Blake" in July 12th issue is the father, we think, of Wm. McCombe, of Palestine district, the latter still residing on the farm purchased by his father about 1888, the log house of that day still standing though deserted for a modern dwelling some 35 years ago.

● Note that Editor Moodie was quick (though not without a note of reservation) to congratulate Hon. C. P. Brown on his new approach to letting out govt. work, indicating further that his firmness was not without fairness.

● Al Hockin doesn't think that the "Hockin" that took up homesteading at Arden (See July 12) is one of his forebears, but maybe a bit of checking up will prove otherwise. At least the article concerned "bears."

● Similarities in the "1884's," then and now! Both had early Springs; both are promising bumper crops!

● Cheese-making has come to the fore with no less than three aspirants for production.

● Is Westbourne village to become a lake port? Soundings are being taken; and later on, the river is dredged to the lake. Is it C. P. Brown's effort to prove yet again that the White Mud is a navigable river?

● "The Bug" appears as promised from last issue, and "exactly" as printed "except" it has been reduced to 70 p.c. of its original size; also as a 4-page folder.

The Moodie Years — 1884 to 1890



Peter Moodie, B.A.  
(1838 - 1926)

GLADSTONE

100 Years Ago

July

1884





***The Galloway Bros. Staff Shortly after Opening "the Big Store" in Dec. 1902***

THE "APPROXIMATE" DATE GIVEN FOR THIS PICTURE is a calculated guess. And the names haphazardly attached are even less certain, two only being "for sure," the bearded one in the middle, Roper Galloway, and the cute little lass, with her elbow on his lap, Lizzie Corlett; later to become Mrs. (Dr.) Rose. Of the five moustached ones, four we can guess at: Geo. P. Minaker, in the back row (editor-to-be); centre one, not known, and next to Pearl Dunning(?), Mr. Hunter; far right in centre row is Mr. Foster. Allan Collins is seated next to Miss Corlett. He and Dick Diamond purchased the business in 1909, and some years later the name was changed to Collins & Diamond, and as such carried on into the early 1930s. A picture of this building appears in Chapter '05 of "The Glory Years."

SATURDAY  
JULY  
5th

1884

SAT., JULY 5th, 1884.

((Editorial)) . . .

Our citizens are sparing no pains to make next Wednesday's picnic a big success. The merchants are closing, their stores from 1 to 6 p.m.; all the committee are hard at work; invitations have been issued to our member and to the member for the Dominion, as well as others; and all our settlers are cordially invited. Let every one that can, come and have a good time.

((Editorial)) . . .

If not a Davin, we faint hope our sparkling Portage Liberal editor possesses one poetic trait, thereby entitling his utterance to be taken with a few grains of salt—he can exaggerate. True, we have been occasionally, recently, somewhat "tumbled up and down" in mind to decide on the wisdom of continuing our publication, which may have lent some dismaller coloring than usual to our writing. We trust we may not have to produce another not very flattering reason to account for his noticing it bye and bye.

A certain amount of opposition we bargained for at our start in determining that our course should be for the general good, uninfluenced by individual interests; and the very virulence of the opposition we are encountering, is a tribute to the success of our efforts in that direction. Everybody knows that an independent course is a new departure in this place, and subject to all the risks that new enterprises encounter, though of the ultimate success of any work conducted on principle (other requisites being present, even in moderate proportion), there is no doubt.

Still, we may be pardoned for entertaining the fear that after all, our efforts may be a little too previous. The history of this place fully demonstrates the fact that it was not at first dubbed "Palestine, the less," for nothing. It took 40 years of discipline to evolve a nation of old Palestine freemen out of a nation of serfs. How long it may take to make this the independent community it requires to be before proper progress is made, is in the dim future.

We are having the very times to start us in the true course to reach it. They are calculated to bring to the front the manly men, the workers, those who have earned all the bread they have eaten, and whose exertions

will carry the county by that amount ahead, and to leave behind the lean-to's, and those who think it no disgrace to do anything but work - dead weight that the county will be well rid of.

((In the biographical sketch of the founders of the Gladstone Age (Jan. issue), it was shown that Peter Moodie had studied for the ministry but had to quit university shortly before being due to graduate, owing to illness. Did his evangelistic inclinations find true expression in his editorials . . . his efforts for a "Paradise" of his own creation?)).

#### GENERAL INVITATION

The committee on arrangements for the Gladstone Picnic next Wednesday have much pleasure in extending a cordial invitation to all the settlements to join them in the day's enjoyments.

By Order,  
P. H. Moodie, Sec'y.

#### BIRTH

At Livingstone, on the 3rd inst., the wife of T. L. Morton, Esq., of a son.

Mr. Wm. Whitmore, of Richmond, is cheese-making this season.

Mr. Jamieson, of Blake, has made upwards of 500 lbs. of cheese already this season.

A full meeting of the members of the I.O.O.F. is requested next Monday night.

Mr. J. C. Morrison, in his last trip to Neepawa over a week ago, saw a fine specimen of a black bear.

Miss Johnson, teacher of the Blake school, has gone to the Portage to pay her sister a visit.

Miss Cameron is at present a guest of Mr. Davidson's. Miss Davidson arrived home from Neepawa on Thursday.

Mr. Thomson, agent for Watson & Co., was busy yesterday rigging a hay loader for Mr. Fahrni. It is the first machine of the kind introduced, and, if successful, will speedily have some mates.

Mr. Schooley, station agent, sold 41 tickets for the First of July excursion to Minnedosa.

Mr. Logie arrived home from Ontario yesterday.

Mr. John Dickie arrived back last Sat. from the York Colony.

He broke 7 acres. The attractions of second homesteading are beginning to wane in his estimation when he looks at the splendid crop he has growing on his first homestead this year. Yes, Jack, you will go further and fare ever so much worse if you forsake the old home for a new one. The colony company sowed from 50 to 100 acres in the sod, which he does not think they will reap. On his way back he met with no good-looking crops till he came to Birtle district, & then they were good from there home. ("York colony" is probably the settlement of Yorkton district. Quite a number of settlers from here, disgruntled by the disastrous flood years of '80-'81, followed by the "boom and bust" period so soon after, left for new homesteads in the opening west made possible by the extension of the M. & N.W. rly. Among these (at a later date) was the Swallow family, from the Bear Creek district. A son, Dr. Swallow, in later years, wrote a history of that new settlement's pioneer trials & tribulations, including in it a few interesting episodes of his boyhood days here before the family moved on west)).

Mr. Newcombe will start his new cheese-making industry in town next week. He has been making arrangements with farmers for milk supply.

The results of the recent quarterly written examinations of Gladstone school will be made known after the return of the inspector.

Public-spirited businessmen! All our merchants have agreed to close their stores from 1 p.m. till 6 p.m., Wednesday next, our picnic day.

If the party who took the doors and windows out of the McLeod house would call on Mr. Budge he might make arrangements for getting the house also.

We are informed by Mr. Edwards that a party of surveyors are at work in the Dauphin area surveying two townships west of those surveyed by Messrs. Phillips, and part of one east.

We had the pleasure of renewing old acquaintanceship with Rev. Mr. Baker, Methodist minister, last Thurs. He was on his way from Oak River to Carman City, the new field to which he has been appointed by the conference.

The Wilson House proprietor is sinking a new well alongside of the hotel. That will be two on the premises, and thereby hangs a tale. "The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself," so he is evidently preparing for the passing of the Scott Act.

This Portage "Liberal" has changed its day of publication from Thurs. to Fri. One outcome of the change it flatteringly

expects will be in the laudably economic direction of reducing the newspapers in the Portage! Which? We shall see bye-and-by.

Blake picnic comes off Tues., July 15th.

Mr. Robert Ferguson, who has been teaching at Morris, got back to town for the holidays, Wednesday.

We forgot to notice that Mr. J. Davidson, of Neepawa, paid Gladstone a short visit week before last.

Malcolm McLean got home from Wpg. commercial college last week.

Four sandhill cranes were reporting themselves last Sunday morning in Mr. Bailey's barley in the field north of the town.

Strawberries and saskatoons are plentiful, and a little cheaper at present, than either sugar or cream. They are being extensively gathered.

This day week is Orange day.

Rev. Mr. Murdin will occupy the Presbyterian pulpit tomorrow.

Among the sights seen by the excursionists to Arden on the 1st was a fine deer.

Too much heat, gentlemen! Edged tools are dangerous instruments to argue with. Let well alone.

Rev. D. Stalker will occupy his own pulpit tomorrow week. One invalid is wearily counting the days till he returns.

Is it so that one of our townsmen had a special train all to himself! - all to himself! - back to Gladstone from Minnedosa on Dominion Day? Happy fellow, if so.

Rev. Murdin left Sat. last to fill an appointment at Rat Creek, beyond Totogan. He then proceeded to Wpg. to attend the Baptist convention, which was held there this week.

A sample of wheat from a field belonging to Mr. W. Drummond, sown on the 5th May, was handed to us last week as we were going to press. It measured 2 feet, 10 inches. Mr. Ritchie, of Beautiful Plains, says he has 10 acres to equal it, and another 20 not far behind it.

Breachy animals are not allowed to run. We saw 3 horses in a neighbor's crop the other morning, which they galloped through when being put out. Horses need a smudge more than cattle, but they have no right to spoil other than their owner's crop, if need be, to get at one.

Mr. Rodgers, agent of the agricultural implement manufacturing company of Stevens, Turner & Burns, of London, Ont., has been in town straightening

up old business. He's off to Carberry to see their old agent, Mr. Wm. May. He was a guest of the Revere House.

Mr. Watson, M.P. for Marquette, accompanied the gov't. engineer to Lake Winnipegosis this week. He wants to see for himself what would be the most feasible means to adopt to keep the waters of these lakes from backing up over the lands, which have caused so much loss in previous years, and this he will urge from his place in parliament.

Mr. Tom Price left for Colorado on Mon. He will be absent about a year, and then purposes returning to his farm in Richmond. He has had to travel for the good of his health all thro the Western States; and he has come to the conclusion that there is nothing anywhere to equal the salubrity of our climate and the richness of our soil. This is the place for a man to keep well, and make wealth.

Mr. John Edwards made the trip last week from Dauphin to Whitmore's in three days. He got into Gladstone last Sat. He says the crops are looking well, considering they are mainly on breaking. He left Wed. taking a bull with him. Mr. N. McDonald, of Woodside, accompanied him. He goes to finish the house he raised in the spring. He has 30 acres of crop. The Whitmores will join them on the way. The road for 50 miles is splendid, but after that there is about 10 miles of bad road in patches from 10 to 30 rods until Dauphin is reached.

Messrs. Bennett had the misfortune to lose lately at their home in Plymouth, Eng., a sister and a brother from typhoid fever. The brother took it first and his sister nursed him till, her strength failing, a regular nurse was called in. He gradually succumbed to the disease, and on being informed of it, she immediately died, a sad illustration of, "loving in their lives, and in death not divided."

#### DOMINION DAY

The annual holiday opened auspiciously here and was well kept by our citizens. By early morning all our flags waved their welcome to the day, and all were making preparations to enjoy it. The great attractions were, the railway excursion to Minnedosa and the farmers' picnic at Arden. . . from a dozen to twenty rigs went to the latter.

The train carrying the excursionists from Portage and all along the line was a large one, among the notables being R. Watson, Esq., M.P.; our old Tom Collins in fact the elite, and what's better, the beauties of the Portage were well represented. The Portage band, which was on board, played some fine music while the train waited. They have good instruments & nobby uniforms. Conspicuous, too, was the lacrosse players all neatly

labelled to ensure their safe return if they should ever get badly left, a not very probable fate. As a whole the Portagers look their best abroad, whatever they do at home.

The day was well spent at Minnedosa, though the rain rather damped some of the enjoyment. Our boys were particularly well pleased with the lacrosse game which ended in a draw, as also did the cricket match. All the other sports were well contested; our Mr. W. Bailey securing one first prize for high jumping. That the day was thoroughly enjoyed the satisfaction visible on all faces proved.

The picnic at Arden was a great affair, between 4 and 500 being present. The following are the new officers appointed for their branch of the farmers' union: President, Mr. Tennant; vice-presidents, Messrs. McDiarmid and Orton; Sec., Mr. Riddle, and as executive committee of 21, three from each township were appointed. Some speechifying by the retiring and newly-elected officers followed and then came the more serious business of the day — enjoyment — was resumed & aided by a magnificent spread by way of dinner. The usual features if a picnic were largely visible, one good pipe race being greatly enjoyed, a serious con being victimized twice. The best three-legged race men were P. Broadfoot and J. Duncan. The rain brought the day's proceedings to altogether too abrupt a end to suit the young folks though it saved the violins.

At home a well-contested game of baseball, which the rain put a stop to, was played in the afternoon. Those who went to Arden arrived pretty well drenched, early. The run from Minnedosa here was made in a little over 1½ hours.

#### TOWN COUNCIL

The council met Wed. evening. Present, Mayor Claxton in chair; and Couns. Davidson, Andrews, McKelvy and Ferguson.

Clerk read minutes of last meeting, which were confirmed.

Re financial matters: Outstanding note was assumed by McArthur, Boyle & Campbell on security of back taxes.

Mr. Andrews reported letting the work of putting a crossing on Main St. over the railway track, to Wm. Boyd, for \$10., which was passed; also the job of filling up approach to river bridge on Main St., to J. McAlpine.

Chairman of public works reported that Messrs. McKee had dumped 2 loads of earth on bridgeway, to be allowed for on taxes.

This wound up the proceedings.

Pigs are destroying gardens in town and will be impounded if not shut in.

The latest railway news is that 30 or 40 miles of our line will be built this season. If bonuses to help carry the line into Wpg. are forthcoming, it will go there.



***The Galloway Bros. "Second" Store and Staff, sometime between June 1886 and December, 1902.***

GALLOWAY BROS. "SECOND" OF THEIR THREE STORES is the building shown here, and while a date for the picture may be risky to even guess, there are several reasons for "supposing" it could be 1897. In fact THREE reasons and all provided by the picture itself. Here they are: (1) The back corner of their first store can be seen in its original location (moved in Oct. '97). (2) In the Spring of 1897 Galloway Bros. lengthened their building by some 40 feet, as shown above; (3) also, the same year they wanted still more warehouse room and obtained same by tearing down a building next north to them and replacing it with a larger one; this, too, being completed before this picture was taken (see photo in February issue). From this it would appear that Mr. Roper Galloway (6-foot, 3-inches) is standing out in front of his premises with his staff, etc., five years before moving into the "big" store, built in 1902 right across the alley-way - now Macleod's store. (Cost of this super-structure, incidentally, was estimated at only \$15,000); and it's as sound today as it was 82 years ago. The Williams' Bros. big block, including the Bank of Hamilton portion, was built at the same time — the "big ones" of the "Glory Years."

SATURDAY  
JULY  
12th.

1884

SAT., JULY 12th, 1884:

Mr. Malcolm McLeod did the trip this week to Portage and back by the Shannon road with two ox teams, having loads each way, in 1½ hours less than two days, and was detained in the Portage six hours.

A party, among whom were Messrs. G. McCrae, P. Crouter and J. McLaren, left for Dauphin region on Thursday. They intend making a thorough exploration of the county within a come-at-able distance of where they have taken up claims.

#### GLADSTONE'S GALA DAY

(This "great day" was held at the Isaac Davidson (Councillor) place a half-mile west of town on the river. In later times it has been the home of the Misses Thompson (Flora, Lillian and Gladys). It would have been an ideal setting for a hot summer's day, in the shade of a grove of giant elms, encircled by the river, with a bridge to the seclusion of another grove on the north side. The ball diamond was evidently on 5th St., probably in the location of the curling rink).

The elements were on their best behaviour for our great gala day last Wednesday.

By early morning large reinforcements of settlers arrived in town from all directions to swell the merry making crowd, and by the time that regular picnic hours came around there has seldom been a much larger assemblage within the limits of our town.

Worthy of front notice is the excellent effort put forth by our

GLADSTONE BRASS BAND to cater to the enjoyment of the pleasure-seekers. From early in the day to late in the evening they were on hand discoursing sweet music; in the morning serenading the town; in the afternoon captivating the ears of the picnickers, & in the evening stirring the hearts of the base-balls to do their best for their respective towns. The quality of their music throughout was most excellent and was evidently thoroughly relished by all, and it is to be hoped that an institution that has so much to do with the success of a day's enjoyment, like Wednesday's, will get all the fostering care it deserves from our town's folk, as well as from other settlers.

#### THE PICNIC

Through the courtesy of Coun.

Davidson the picnic was held in a charming retreat adjoining his fine residence on the bank of the river. Dame Nature evidently framed the spot with an eye to picnicking arrangements, its roomy halls being throughout finely ceiled w. graceful boughs whose leafy verdure gratefully shut out the fervor of the summer sun, and induced thereby a delicious coolness through its mazy depths.

The ground bore witness to the painstaking efforts of the committee on arrangements whose neat badges, by the way, testified to who they were. From giant trunks had been suspended at convenient distances a sufficiency of swings; in cozy nooks were placed a number of croquet sets; a large platform had been erected for the accommodation of the musical performances, on which rested Miss Davidson's fine organ; while forming a sure foundation for everything else, stood a large table upwards of 80 feet long, giving promise to the inner man of the delicacies stored away in the roomy tent erected alongside of it, which promise gave place to substantial fact at the proper time.

The thanks of the community are largely due to Messrs. McMillan, Paul, Paynter and Neville for the trojan-like way they had worked in perfecting arrangements; and that the lady waitresses - chief among whom must be singled out in the order of merit: Mrs. Poole, Misses Broadfoot, McGhie and Crouter, and it being no sinecure occupation can well be believed when well on to 100 people at a time partook of dinner at the five tables that were set.

Music, swings and croquet, social chat and probably some interesting colloquies, for which the general public have no concern, agreeably filled the day till the arrival of the train, on board of which were the members of the Portage baseball club who were to play a match with our boys. An adjournment was consequently made by almost all hands to see the

#### BASEBALL MATCH

which was played on the usual practice ground to the north of the town. Our boys played a losing game, being beaten by a few runs, but it was no great disgrace to be beaten by such a good team as they had opposed to them. From the captain, Mr. Martin, who had grit and skill enough to make a respectable enough nine himself, to their poorest player, if they had any such, they were a strong team. Their batting was safe, their fielding,

if possible, a trifle safer, a considerable amount of the uniformity of the machine coming out in their play, which is born of fairly sedulous practice. The pitching of Mr. Snyder was swift and well sustained. Mr. Cowan's curve pitching was much admired and might have been deadlier had there been more of it. The catching of the captain, Mr. Martin, was A1. In fact, he does not wear his honors for nothing, as three raps by the ball on head, throat and stomach bore witness to anyone of which might have laid him out, but all three didn't.

Our boys might have picked a stronger team, the poor playing of some that usually play well being painfully evident. Perhaps the best play was that of G. Pirie, who is sure death on a fly, one red-hot catch straight from the bat and landed the next moment in the hands of first base, he made being deservedly applauded. Mr. Bailey played as usual a good game. For stealing that does not come under the category of things forbidden in the eighth commandment, commend us to the stealing of Mr. Jamieson. Had the pitching of Mr. John McCrae begun at the third inning the result might have been different. As some salve to their defeat, our boys whitewashed their opponents twice to their once.

The umpire, Mr. S. McKelvy, we need scarcely say, performed his responsible duties to the satisfaction of both clubs.

At the conclusion of the game three rousing cheers were given for the victors and the players then proceeded to the Queen's Hotel where full justice was done to the excellent supper provided by mine host, Mr. James McCrae, of which they were beginning to feel badly the need. In honor of their opponents

#### A DANCE

was given later in the evening in Andrews' hall to which a large and enthusiastic company gathered, and dancing was kept up into the "wee sma' hours."

Before leaving by Thursday's train we were gratified to learn that the visitors testified their acknowledgments of the gentlemanly way they had been treated and expressed their intention of reciprocating the kindness when our boys go down to play the return match in a few weeks.

The universal opinion entertained of the day's proceedings appeared to be that "like Wednesdays" cannot come too often.

Mr. Hugh Ferguson, of Minnedosa, arrived on the train Thursday.

The late storm blew the roof off Mr. C. Bennett's granary, of Livingstone twp.

We heard the other day that two of our old Woodside settlers have settled down to pan out gold in the Rockies. Hope they do better than us poor fellows, who can raise lots of dust, but not the shiny kind.

Mr. F. Schooley, station agent, was flung against a tree by one of the ropes of the swing which he was on, breaking, on picnic day. Fortunately, with the exception of a severe shaking up nothing serious resulted.

((Editorial)) . . .

A little oftener into the country than usual this week has drawn our attention forcibly to the prevalence of brush & scrub on some of our prairies. As ornaments to the landscape they are in place but as the useful must be considered first where daily bread is at stake, the extermination of all such within reasonable distance of cultivated ground and what is purposed to be put under crop, is sound procedure. The barer prairies are kept, the sooner will they become serviceable to settlers. A fire guard round a big piece and an occasional vigorous plying of the axe to make material enough to give a fire a good start, would soon rid some parts of our county of a great drawback, for as a harbour for vast snowbanks, the melting of which consumes precious weeks in the spring, all such growth is admirably adapted. This, in our mind, is of sufficient importance for the council to take hold of.

According to separate observers crops up north never looked better.

Messrs. McQueen, Herron and Budge drove to Minnedosa on Thursday.

Reeve Smalley has been visiting his brother at Selkirk.

Westbourne Agricultural Soc. meets for important business today in Andrews' Hall, at 3 p.m.

Rev. Mr. F. Jephcott's sermon for tomorrow evening: "The importance of example."

Mrs. Pritchett started for Ontario on Thursday.

Mr. Gallagher, of Wpg., purchased some cattle here the end of last week. Mr. Soper, of Blake, sold him a yoke.

Mr. Peter Ferguson has sunk a well alongside his premises this week. It is 13 feet deep. He intends putting a pump into it.

Our town clerk, who returned yesterday from Minnedosa, says that, though he likes its surroundings and scenery, yet Gladstone for farming, etc., is far ahead.

Blake basket picnic will be held on Friday, July 25th.

Mowing machines & hay rakes will soon be in demand.

Berry-picking is the occupation that has the biggest run at present.

Mr. Clubb has commenced to summerfallow his Blake farm.

Mr. F. McMillan has taken

leave of Gladstone for a time. He purposes going east as far as Port Arthur. Fred will be missed. Few larger-hearted or more skillful-handed fellows ever struck this town. We hope to have him back again.

A correspondent writes expressing his thankfulness to the council for repairing Dead Lake bridge, as it is well travelled by sparkers, who go to see their girls down south on Sundays. We suppose him to be the chief traveller on that errand.

Mrs. Davidson kindly showed us over her garden on picnic day. It was well worth seeing, as it makes a good display. Potatoes, peas, cabbage, corn, etc., etc., being the best we have seen aa yet. The grub has evidently given her garden the go-by. It's a fine garden spot.

Mr. Fred McCrae, of Woodside, lost a valuable horse last week. He was doing road work, using a scraper, when laying down the lines for a second or two, they suddenly darted off, the scraper being sent up in the air and coming down cutting 1 of the horses legs right off, which in consequence had to be shot.

Mr. R. Given, from Glasgow, Scotland, a friend of Mr. R. Wood of Golden Stream, arrived last Wed. The ocean passage took 15 days. There were quite a few from Auld Reekie aboard, he said. They have likely gone west and left the good land behind them. Mr. Wood was in waiting at the station for him and drove him right home.

Messrs. Hockin and Grant have taken up homesteads near Arden. Mr. Hockin says they saw a big brown bear half-a-mile from Arden, evidently prospecting, but whether for nuts, town lots, or inhabitants thereof, they did not care to inquire, which strikes us as showing a want of courtesy in not making him bear up and give a proper account of himself; how he bears up in these bare times, like they do in Wall St., so that we might have been satisfied with bear meat, seeing we can't get anything of what is beared up in these hard times. Mr. Hockin also says Mr. McGhie's crop is the best he has seen between that and Minnedosa.

Mr. McComb, of Blake, brought us a fine sample of barley, on picnic day. The stalk is fully 3 ft. long and well headed out. His potatoes are the size of hens' eggs already.

The usual humdrumness of our life was disturbed by a runaway on Wednesday, the driver being pitched out and rendered unconscious for some time. The shafts of the buggy breaking was the cause.

It is said that the girls and we are going to hire a boat somewhere around, or, if not, further away. The boat and water, even salt or fresh, cawn't coomb around too soon, as we're a-willin'.

Picnic reminiscences! Oh, but more, it's a grand, a glorious thing a picnic, when ye can meet wifreens' yae ha'e na seen for a lang time. Tae ha'e seen the lads and lasses when they foregathered ye wud ha'e thought they had na seen ilk other for a welvemonth, sae glad were they sae see ilk other.

Mr. C. Fahrni took home his hay loader Thursday. It looks to be a good affair, though it may be too heavy for one team. But the "pruf, o' the puddin' is the pro'en o't."

The railroad paymaster arrived on Thurs. The men who have been, and who are still with, the company, are thinking that his visits are like angels, few and far between.

Rev. Mr. Murdin went to Winnipeg this week to attend the Baptist conference, which should have been held last week, but was put off till this.

Mr. Uriah Verhun(?), a brother-in-law of Mr. Grant, blacksmith, Gladstone, was on a visit to his siater bere this week. He has been on a business trip.

None but the brave deserve the fair was very well exemplified by one of our townsmen on Wednesday. Keep right on and there's no fear of the usual happy ending.

Mr. Nicolls, of St. John's College, was in town this week, taking charge of the Isbister prize examination, for which some of our public school scholars are competing.

Rev. and Mrs. Jephcott paid a visit to Mrs. Davis this week in Richmond. Mr. Davis, her son drove them out on Wed.

#### PALESTINE

We have been over some of this part of the county this week, and it is most gratifying to note the progress being made on Dead Lake plains. At the same rate of going there will soon not be many square inches of ground unreclaimed from nature and made to do service for man. Wire fences stretch in all directions, and the antiquated, laborious, expensive and dangerous mode of fencing by rail is rapidly getting to be a thing of the past. — The crops could scarcely look much better. From the time one strikes Mr. Beck's 200 acres of crop, east and west, north & south, one comes upon fields hard to beat. He has some wheat that has never been excelled on the place, and that is saying all that needs be said for it. Mr. McCachaney's crop bears the look of his usual careful and painstaking farming. Mr. McCaskill's 80 acres of new breaking looks magnificent scanned from the road. Mr. Wilson's fields, tilled this season by Mr. Brady, are in good shape, while of Mr. Mustard's large acreage all ((the bottom line on page is not discernible)).





(Two Part Picture—Left Side)

### ***A School Picture that dates back some 84 Years***

THE BUILDING AND THE TEACHERS date this picture fairly close. The three-storey brick school was built in 1898. Two of its teachers, Miss Rintoul and Miss Smith, are standing on the board walk. As Miss Helen S. Smith and Mr. John F. Broadfoot were married on New Year's Day, 1902, it can be assumed that the photographer put all those faces down in black & white a yr. or so before that. There are one or two other, but unidentified, teachers, standing before the doorway. The new school was opened in Jan. 1899. If the picture was taken that year the Principal would have been Peter Moodie, who resigned in Dec. If in 1900 or 1901, it would be J. A. Christilaw. Almost certainly it is the latter. None of the pupils have as yet been identified, or are likely to be.

(From original picture, kindness of Miss Helen Broadfoot, Wpg.).

SATURDAY  
JULY  
19th

1884

SAT., JULY 19th, 1884:

((Editorial)) . . .

We congratulate our member on the new departure he is making which he authorized Reeve Smalley to announce to his members in office last Monday; viz., that henceforth he intends to follow their directions in spending public money within the county for public improvements. This is a step in the right direction, and taken-alongwith the announcement he caused us to insert in a previous issue, that all such work is to be let by tender, will, if faithfully carried out, help, not hurt his popularity.

((Editorial)) . . .

It appears our precious Drainage Co., has now obtained a title to its lands within the county. As a consequence due diligence had better be used in pushing the work, otherwise there is likely to be some fuss. We confess to being unable to understand how the work of draining our swamp lands should have been withheld from the county, for it is going to pay Mr. Sanford, of Hamilton, to carry the work to completion after foisting a number of extravagant charges upon it. It would better have paid the county to give out this work ahead of these obligations.

((Editorial)) . . .

**ONLY AS IT SHOULD BE**  
It must be a source of gratification to every lover of his county to notice the very respectable figure for which our \$10,000 debentures have been sold - \$9,805 cash, and \$144 of accrued interest from April, making almost within \$50.00 of their par value. Even this might have been improved upon had the offer of Mr. Sanford, of Hamilton, been received in time. If the financial position of the county is such, handicapped as it is by having thousands of acres of its best lands lying in the hurtful grasp of speculators, what would it be if it were once free from it?

We advocated the raising of money by this means for paying debts, which had our advice been taken years ago, would never have been needed; but we don't intend to do it any more. This county should have been in a position to lend, not borrow money. From this time out, before we invest any more public money let us first have it to spend.

Mr. Wm. McKelvey is putting up a kitchen composed of 2-inch

plank, by laying them flat and bedding them in mortar.

The change for the worse in Mr. John Rose's condition brought his sister, Mrs. S. May, from Minnedosa by train, on Tuesday. Frank drove down.

Mr. Mills, of MacKenzie and Mills, wholesale dealers in canned goods, Winnipeg, was a guest at the Revere House this week.

Mrs. S. Wilson took suddenly sick last Thursday night. She was some better Friday.

Mr. S. T. Wilson has ordered a steam thresher. He intends threshing grain out of the shock.

Mayor Claxton is putting up a frame granary, 16 x 30, on his Blake farm. He is fixing up a house as well. He is evidently going into stock, as he has 25 head and likely more to follow. He has also broken 40 acres this season.

Mr. Patterson, representing the Singer Sewing Machine Co.; Mr. Wright, of the Cochrane Machinery Co., Minneapolis; and Mr. R. Deud, of Wpg., were guests at the Wilson House this week.

Rev. J. E. Allen was a passenger on Tues. morning's east-bound train. He wasn't sure how far he was going. It appeared as if he would rather be at home contemplating his recent good fortune.

Mr. John Rose had a very severe attack of bleeding from the lungs on Monday night last. It was feared the end had come. But he rallied, though it has left him very weak. He is a very patient sufferer.

We heard this week that the bridge across Dead Lake is stronger than ever it was, so our last week's correspondent may think himself doubly safe when he is driving over it with his sister, or any other fellow's sister.

Mr. Thomas Rose raised a house on his new farm north of town Thursday.

Mr. Paynter, father, is on a visit to his sons, T. & H. (*Thos. & Harry*) here. He intends visiting Birtle and Beulah, where some more of his family are.

Blake basket picnic will be held next Friday, 25th inst., in Mr. Jamieson's grove. Blake picnics are always great affairs and this promises to be no exception. A cordial invitation is

extended to all citizens to go and swell the festive board.

**Birth:** At the Methodist Parsonage, on the 14th inst., the wife of Rev. J. E. Allen, of a son. (*This parsonage building still stands, if somewhat forlornly, on Regent St. at the tracks; a sadder look given it by the boarded up windows*)).

The Presbyterian congregation last Sunday had a couple of pleasant experiences - a sight of their genial pastor, apparently much freshened up by his eastern trip; & a thoroughly cleansed church to worship in . . . floor, walls, seats, doors, windows and stove, etc., fairly shining from the effects of the work some of the ladies of the congregation had been neither afraid or ashamed to put on it. Mr. Dean was a worthy co-adjuter. The platform was adorned with a new carpet and other improvements are contemplated. It is only fair to say that the church-work of the ladies on account both of its thoroughness and heartiness discounts that of the male biped every time.

Mr. Galloway had a trip east.

Good news! Construction on the M. & N.W. commences right away.

Mr. Thompson has sold four Watson-Deering binders.

Mr. David Cameron has about 600 bushels of first class lime for sale.

Rev. J. E. Allen has been appointed agent of the Dominion Alliance.

Rev. Jephcott's subject for tomorrow evening's service will be the character of John, the Baptist.

Mr. Hazelhurst has gone to Stony Creek. He will be missed by the English church choir.

Mr. C. Fahrni's hay loader works well. It's no trouble for one team to haul it.

Mr. Peter Ferguson took a trip to Minnedosa and Riding Mountain this week.

Did the couple who went to pick strawberries at the cemetery the other Sunday get any?

The Sons of Temperance are going to have a lawn party on Mr. Broadfoot's farm on the evening of the 30th of July.

The "12th" passed off quietly in town this year; nevertheless, it was quite a holiday look with the flags of welcome flaunting in the breeze and the large number of well-dressed people parading its streets.

Mr. Newcomb has been making arrangements with farmers for having supplies of milk brought into town to be converted into cheese. This plan works well in Ontario and should here.

Govt. engineer Moberley has taken all the soundings of the White Mud river from Westbourne to the lake, preparatory to having it dredged out.

Excursion rates will prevail all over the line on the civic holiday of the Portage, which takes place August 5th. Fuller particulars will be given bye-and-by.

Cordwood hauling! It must be true of what our commiserate friends say that we have to endure twelve months of winter, the other months being made to suit all parties.

Last Sat. a considerable amount of horse and mule flesh (9 teams in all) were exhibited in town for sale by a Mr. McGregor. Some of both, which were a superior lot, he succeeded in disposing of to some of our farmers, taking in some cases stock in exchange.

The name of Mr. Wm. Rintoul one of the hardest workers of our committee of management for the picnic, was inadvertently omitted from the list of those whom we thought worthy of a word of public praise. The recognition, which no member of the committee deserved better than himself, we now give him.

The return match between the Portage baseball club and our own comes off next Tuesday at Portage. Our boys have been putting in lots of faithful practice & are determined to revenge, if possible, the former defeat. By all means pluck all the leaves you can from their laurels by dint of superior play.

You good-for-nothing loafers! Why do you let your girls break their arms lugging pails of berries around? Rather string pails all round your person and go to the front of the battle. They will surely never muzzle you if you do.

Mr. Archibald Dickie and wife were passengers by Wednesday's train. They are at present the guests of his brother, Mr. John Dickie, of Blake. They will move to their own farm beyond Minnedosa next year.

#### MUN. OF WESTBOURNE

The undersigned will let by Public Auction, ditching & grading on road running east and west near Palestine Schoolhouse; also ditching and grading near D. Hyndman's on Tuesday, July 22, at 1 o'clock p.m., to meet at D. Hyndman's old place; also ditching & grading on road near J. J. Stewart's, Livingstone, on Wednesday at 1 o'clock p.m.; & ditching and grading at or near Bridge near J. Moodie's home; & building of bridge near J. Leslie's, on Thursday at 1 o'clock p.m. To meet at bridge near J. Moodie's.

JOHN FERGUSON.

How does berry soup go?

D. McKellar, of Florence, has splendid murphies.

Mr. A. McDonald, has been breaking considerably this year. He will soon have all his farm under crop.

It may be a long time to look ahead but remember our Fall Show is fixed for the 1st Thursday of October.

Rev. D. Stalker went east on Tuesday to attend a meeting of the presbytery in Wpg., and also to take part in the new synodical arrangements.

Councillor Ferguson has a fine garden, his tomatoes and beans being far ahead of anything we have seen as yet.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. J. McLean is getting better. She has been very sick since baby came.

Rev. D. Stalker occupied his pulpit last Sunday. The rev. gentleman, to all appearances, has been making the most of his holiday trip.

Messrs. J. & W. Duncan from Austin were in town this week.

Councillor Davidson proceeded to Winnipeg Thursday.

Mr. Crouter has shipped a car load of oats to Winnipeg this week. (*We believe the Crouter farm was that occupied now by Mr. & Mrs. Ernie Wickstead and family. In 1891 Mr. Crouter sold out to the John McLennan family, recently from Lucknow, Ont. Of the nine children, the three oldest boys had come out earlier, Dan in 1889, and Neil & "J.K." in 1890. The others in order were Alec, Annie, Christina, Isabel, Justina and Duncan. Holyrood farm continued in the McLennan name for 30 years followed, we think, by the W. Scott family, and then the Wicksteads. Mrs. Chas. Wickstead, a bride from the first world war, is still a lively part of the local scene as she keeps pace with things from the comforts of Crescent Lodge*)).

Mr. McDonald, of Portage, was in town this week on mill matters.

Mr. and Mrs. Herron took a trip to Portage this week.

Hugh Ferguson, after settling up some business went back to Minnedosa Wednesday.

#### TEACHER WANTED

Teacher wanted (female preferred) for Lakeside School District, to commence duties on 10th August. Apply at once, stating salary, to A. Lackey, sec-treas., Lakeside School District, Westbourne P.O., Man.

((Advt.)): James M. Paul, Licensed Auctioneer for County of Westbourne and Town of Gladstone. All orders by mail promptly attended to. Box 1.

#### NOTICE

The undersigned hereby warns all persons against selling goods, etc., to the minors of his family, as he will not hold himself responsible for their debts.

JAMES PATTERSON,  
Grassy River.

((Editorial)) . . .

The north is apparently pretty evenly divided on the wisdom or not of opening a road north between ranges 11. & 12.

The council was shut up to give the petition for opening it up, the 6 month's hoist, because of the large cost its construction would entail, and the scarcity of funds. Moreover, the general fund could not stand the strain of a \$5,000 job at present, even if this scheme fell as one of extreme urgency (which some believe) under its scope.

The best thing to do, is to expend each year the proportion of statute labor commutation money and ward appropriation belonging to that part of the ward, which will be always improving it; and if government work can be turned in so much the better.

It would be as unjust to deprive it of this as it would be unwise to rob the thickly settled portion of the ward of their proportionately larger share.

((Advt.)): Wm. M. Chandler is prepared to execute bricklaying and plastering work at lowest prices. Orders left at this office will have his prompt attention.

((Advt.)): Dr. Ferrier, graduate of Trinity University, Toronto. Member of College of Physicians & Surgeons, Manitoba. Office at Drug Store, Dennis St., Gladstone.

#### MUN. OF WESTBOURNE

Councillor McKenzie will auction off the following work in his ward on Tuesday, July 29, commencing at 10 o'clock a.m.: (1) he will let work on bridge south of Good's, 19-16-12; (2) he will then let work at Stone's Bridge; (3) he will let the repairing of bridge at Mr. Anderson's; (4) and if time will allow he will let work on Davis' beat.

Wednesday he will let work through the various beats in Tupper and Grassy River.

P.S.: The delay in letting this work has been caused by waiting on ward appropriation amounts which won't be known for a month yet.

M. McKenzie.

((Readers of this July 19th issue should be advised that due to the poor, indistinct printing of this paper, there may be additional errors, especially in regard to figures. Even some of the names, etc. had to be more or less guessed at!)).



***A School Picture that dates back some 84 Years***

(Two-Part Picture—Right Side)



My brother Jack's a hero, the "Age" a giant sheet,  
Our backbone stiffens up when at the polls we'er beat;  
We'll follow Brown and Brownie's nien 'until the crack of doom.  
Our hate for them is quenchless and ceases only at the tomb.

I am Peter the growler, &c.

Morton is but spunkless, no courage has he got,  
I'll see myself next time to the boiling of the pot  
"Arroint thee, witch, arroint thee," Peter's in the field,  
And like the Trojan heroes old, he'll sleep upon his shield.

I am Peter the growler, &c.

Oh, pedagogic Daniel, your courage was b. small,  
You should have paid for everything, private notes and all.  
So you can sail for Scotland and get upon the sled;  
I'll lash the "Age" unto the helm and down them all myself.

I am Peter the growler, &c.

Then cast the shore line off! And haul the gang plank aft!  
Run up the flag of crummy! for I'm aboard the craft.  
Ho, Jack! Swing round the catronades and load the n with the "Age."  
We'll show them how to whip C. P. when we get in a rage.

I am Peter the growler, &c.

First blow McKelvy up—his dinner's not so good  
As it used to be of old when once I chewed his food,—  
Then Logie sweep to hades, (sheol or hell in greek)  
And pelt McGregor down with Indians on the cheek.

I am Peter the growler, &c.

Comé, Jack, be lively, and make the Gatlings play,  
And run the Brown men clean out to Sandy Bay,  
Blab out on Claxton, for he is a traitor sold,  
Come snatch him with your wildcat claws and hurl him in the hold.

I am Peter the growler, &c.

Ho, Cory! quit your veering and jump aboard my craft,  
Or by the heavens above I'll rake you fore and aft  
Just think upon the heathens who rule us with a rod—  
Fare-well to Kirk and Bible, for vengeance is my god.

I am Peter the growler, &c.

Maintop men, aloft! I say, when we pass by McCaskill's house,  
Heave stink pots and Grecian fire upon the Highland louse,  
One day while to the church I clung he made me damn the grace,  
And he's voted for C. P. right slap before my face.

I am Peter the growler, &c.

Huzza! huzza! I'll drive the pagans clean out of Sandy Bay  
I'll tie a football round my loins as I did one former day,  
When McConnell poured the liquor down my parched throat,  
Till loud and clear I pealed the war-whoop's curdling note.

I am Peter the growler, &c.

Brother Jack be thrifty and serve the rations out half fare,  
For C. P.'s full of schemes and will stand a lot of wear;  
So let a gill of soor dook be measured out by you,  
To stir the fighting mood of our ram-shackled crew.

I am Peter the growler, &c.

Ye Gods of war! they gain on us! against us goes the fight!  
Let fly the Age! Let fly, I say!—Oh brother Jack, good night—  
Across the bowsprit's yard a noose be quickly flung  
And as C. P.'s victorious let us be damned and hung.

Thus died the Moody growler,  
Who lived on Dead Lake shore.  
"The devil take the Brown men,"  
Was his last gurgling roar.

Don't fail to buy a BUG and send it to your friends.

**READ THIS!**

If you cannot read this print distinctly by lamp or daylight in the evening, at a distance of 10 inches, your eyes are defective, and you must consult a physician. Your sight can be improved and you read properly corrected. It is a strong idea that spectacles should be dispensed with as long as possible. If they must be worn, use them. There is no danger of hurting your eyes, so long as the print is not magnified. It should look natural size, but plain and distinct. Don't fail to call and have your eyes tested.

BY KING'S NEW SYSTEM,  
**AND FITTED WITH COMBINATION SPECTACLES.**  
THEY WILL CORRECT AND PRESERVE THE SIGHT.  
PEDLERS CANNOT GET THESE GOODS.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

**A. H. McINTYRE,**

**PO. TAGE LA PRAIRIE, MANITOBA.**

A. H. McIntyre's New Stock of Watch Material for repairing Watches is the Most Complete in Manitoba. SEND YOUR WATCHES TO ME to be repaired. Write for prices on Watches.

Everyth'g I advertise I keep in Stock. All Work Warranted.

**A. H. McINTYRE, MAIN STREET, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.**

# THE BUG.

THE ONLY 'BUG' PUBLISHED IN THE COUNTY OF WESTBOURNE.

"ONE'S OWN TO SOMEBODY ELSE."

NO. 1. CLADSTONE, MAN., DECEMBER 25, 1886. 10 CTS. PER COPY.

IN VIEW of the distorted, skew-haw attitude of the "Age" on all public questions, and utter abhorrence of truth, THE BUG deems it necessary to make its appearance for the purpose of stating things correctly and recording impartially the history of the two Westbourne Elections. As the only and original BUG in the county we have also a mission to perform towards our despicable contemporary known as the "Age." We have also to apologize our countless readers for our irregular appearance during the past season; but as John would say we have been so busily engaged keeping soul and body together as to leave us little time for our journalistic labors. We are as independent as can be, and calculate to say our say in our own way, caring little whose ox may be gored. With this for preface we clear the deck for action and sail in.

## THE PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS.

The Elections are now over and in spite of calumny and slander the Norquay Government are sus-

tained. THE BUG is well pleased at this; for although not pleased at many of the Government's actions, still we consider them eminently better qualified to govern the country than the horde of soreheads ranged under Greenway's banner in the recent contest. Such a horde! Indiscriminately collected costermongers! THE BUG would not march through Coventry with them, that is flat. The grand jury of the Electorate have properly buried the most of these office-at-any-price adventurers under heaps of ballots where they will never be found save by some antiquarian excavators.

Purity and Reform! Conklin and Coleleugh!

Progress and Provincial Rights! Fisher and McArthur!

Geographical knowledge and Independence! Biggs and Morton!

AMONGST the heaps of slain THE BUG has searched for an honest Opposition candidate; and only the one in Westbourne can answer to the call, and he has been in bad company. THE BUG rejoices that men of ability have been chosen over dawdlers, intriguers, and syc-

phantic gasbags. We congratulate the Province on their verdict and the Government on the result.

## WESTBOURNE ELECTION.

THE BUG notes with pleasure that Hon. Mr. Brown has been elected by the handsome majority of 61. Taken into consideration that the party whip cracked the Grits into line; that twelve years' public career had to be reviewed; that all petty grievances had to be encountered; that personal abuse of the meanest kind was indulged in by the Opposition; that Mr. Morton was a gentleman highly respected by all; that the expectation of a change of Government caused the axe-grinders to fall down to the supposed rising sun, and that Mr. Brown has been so much away from the constituency, we consider that he has secured a great victory and we congratulate him accordingly. With his long experience and political connexions Mr. Brown will be able to do more for the country than any man living. Well done, Westbourne!

Thomas the elder shouted victory before he got out of the woods.

## THE BUG INTERVIEWS.

PETER H. MOODIE, Esq., AND BROTHER JACK, take the stand: THE BUG has something to say to you. Come along, now; limp up. Yes; bring a file of the "Age" with you. Now, we will have a quiet talk. You don't want to? Now, just shut up and listen. You have got to. Dearly beloved, aged twins, we are fond of you. Personally, we adore you, but publicly, politically, and as journalists we consider you ebb tide—darned low at that. That's your paper? Isn't it a beauty? You could safely bow down and worship it without breaking the commandments. It is like nothing else on earth. You have written Choctaw editorials, slung dirt and mud, damned all Brown's supporters, and the result is his election and your detestation by both sides. You claim to be scholastic, while your editorials are nothing but pitchforked, ungrammatical twaddle. You have raved and ranted, and the community regard you more as a museum curiosity than a leader of public opinion. You have written all the gall you could about Mr. Brown, and dared not to meet him on the public platform. You have tried to stir up race against race, while those you call Indians are better fed, better read, better clad, and possessed of more intelligence than either of you. You and your sheet have injured the county. You have derided everyone, save yourselves. You have introduced politics into municipal matters and got whipped. We heard with pleasure that you were going to get a rope and com-

mit suicide when Brown got elected. The time is opportune; go and do it. Now, get out of journalistic life, for you are no credit to the order. Take a gallon of buttermilk, and get—dig out of here. Take your sheet with you. No, thanks; we are supplied, and it isn't big enough. Good-bye.

DANIEL BUDGE, step up here! How are you? What's the matter? Oh, yes; Juudas did do something rash. You are not looking well. Go to Scotland before Claxton gets bold of you. Take the seals with you. How would you like to go to Fort Alexander? You are off? Well, good-bye.

T. L. MORTON, how are you? Glad to see you. You got left did you? Well, you made a good fight, and THE BUG respects you for it. You got on the wrong track. THE BUG has nothing to say to you save that we are glad the Opposition are whipped, and regret that you have become one of them. Independents are not in demand, old man. You must take one side or the other of political towpath. You are the only one of the buried opposition candidates that we have much respect for, good bye, old man. Look before you leap.

HON. C. P. BROWN. Come hither. Well, you have been through an Election and come out all right. THE BUG is proud of that. But hearken. Make yourself more familiar with your constituents. And pay more personal attention to your canvas in future. That's all, Good day.

THE BUG detests a man that will form one of conventions, and committees and then go the other way. Backbone! Pshaw!

It is very, very wrong to run trains on Sunday. You see I was kicked out of the Presbyterian Church for freighting on Sunday myself, and I have not forgotten it. —The John part of the "Age."

We can out pray, out swear, out lie, sup more oatmeal porridge, drink more butter milk, than any other man in this county.—Age.

(Signed) JOHN & PETER.

## DEDICATED TO DANIEL AND THE "AGE."

The day is o'er, the battle's won,  
Our hostile friends have got to run;  
They are left forever in the cold.  
The "Aged" brothers now so old;  
And Daniel Budge, the right hand bower,  
Is played and beaten by the power  
Of honest men whom they reviled.  
And slandered in a manner wild,  
Which only one like him would do,  
Who cares not for what's right or true  
But stoops to what no man would do.  
To gain the day was his intent,  
That he to Scotia might be sent.  
But, oh, alas! for earthly joys,  
They vanish ere we realize.  
The pleasures that we hope to gain  
Do very often bring us pain.  
So now, dear Budge, and Moodie too.  
Good-bye I say to each of you;  
Give my farewell to all your friends.  
— You can count them on your finger ends—  
They are few in numbers and far between,  
And worst of all can not be seen.

By MIKE.

Hallo. Budge, are you here yet. We thought you would be away. What's your opinion of ex-mayors and journalists? How is your protest thriving? We will contribute. Get hence and learn that scandal is a poor weapon to fight with. See George before you sail.

## A GRIT'S LAMENT

Just to think those cursed Tories  
After all have been victorious,  
Conklin, McArthur and Biggs sonorous,  
All beaten by those cursed Tories.  
Luxton's there, but what of that?  
Fisher by Leacock knocked into a  
cocked hat;  
Hazel at Stonewall has just smelt a rat,  
At that kind of a game can give tit for  
tat.  
Cummings and Nelson a kinder feel  
sick;  
Took Hamilton to scoop them up  
double quick;  
All wonder at Leacock, who got there  
on tick,  
While Norquay made Colcleugh run  
like Old Nick.  
Westbourne we hoped to rid soon of  
Brown,  
But with all our endeavor we failed  
him to down.  
Martin, of Portage, still holds out in  
town,  
But mated I hear with another big  
clown.  
Alas for our country! Alas for us all!  
That Grits should be ruled over by  
Tories at all!  
Must we be to the Tories, as the Jews  
unto Saul?  
Head and shoulders high over us,  
can't see through it all.  
The fine yarns sold us have all been a  
fib,  
We are still out in the cold far away  
from the crib;  
Greenway surely can be nought but a  
squib,  
Or long ere this we all would be feed-  
ing around the dear crib.

JULIUS.

The John part of a certain news-  
paper went to collect some shekels  
he had lent to Bartimeus, and as  
the latter had become entitled to a  
few dimes for some large turnips  
he thought the chance good for  
collecting, and sallied forth for to  
do. Arriving at Bartimeus' wig-  
wam he demanded his pound of

flesh as in the bond, but was an-  
swered "no funds." "No funds?"  
says the John part "what have  
you done with the turnip money?"  
"I'm going to keep it" says Barti-  
meus. The John part insisted on  
payment, but Bartimeus got wrothy  
and took hold of him by the goatee,  
slammed him against the wall, rent  
his garments in twain after the  
fashion of the Jews, and cast him  
forth into the darkness and the  
mud. The John part could have  
annihilated Bart, but he says his  
moral nature has changed since he  
freighted on Sundays, and his re-  
ligion saved him from sending  
Bartimeus to Moloch.

Mr. Issuer of writs, good day.  
What's your opinion about the  
Election, any how? You gave up  
riding both horses at the end. Well,  
old fellow, you voted against Smal-  
ley because he was a Brown man.  
So long. We like you.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[Not Private.]

CRYSTAL CITY, Dec. 11th 1886.

DEAR BUG,—I am elected and  
don't forget it—majority three. I  
have been indulging in poetry and  
submit it to your poetical judg-  
ment. If you think it will do, will  
continue in my next. Yours,

(Signed) THOS. GREENWAY.

In presence of,

EX-JUDGE SQUIRES.

Once in hot election weather,  
I strapped my firearms all together,  
And sauntered forth, not caring whither  
To drive John Norquay off the  
prairie.

Around my heels my dog was sporting,  
In scenting game out he was certain,  
(My trusty, curly, black Joe Martin,  
With gulp as clear as a canary.)

Down St. Andrew's first I found him.  
With Luxton's vultures clustered round  
him,  
I quickly fired, but oh, confound him,  
Away he flew, sublimely happy.  
Twas then I burst my bedlam rifle,  
And in the smoke did Colcleugh stifle,  
But that I counted but a trifle;  
I found it dry, he swore it sappy.

Then at Westbourne in a fury,  
I fired a weather-beaten Tory,  
But C. P.'s musket left him sorry,  
And poor Moodie in aught but glory.  
Russel next I stormed with bluster,  
And Fisher made the people wonder  
Till Leacock deftly bowled him under,  
And left him singing the Dead Man's  
chorus.

[Strictly private and unconfi-  
dence.]

GLAISTONE, Dec 16th 1886.

DEAR THOMAS,—Your poetry  
received. Well done. Simply ex-  
cells your ability as a leader of the  
purity "paity" Proud to hear of  
majority. Should have been four  
less. Yours,

THE BUG.

P. S.—The above private corres-  
pondence is published by permis-  
sion. BUG.

WAR SONG OF THE DEAD  
LAKE PIRATE.

The pirate of Dead Lake has gone  
With a motley horde for crew.  
In hate for C.P. the sore heads agree,  
And the pirate his jaw does this way  
slew.

I'm the wielder of the pen, and the  
ruler of the "Age,"  
I'm the leader of the people, my coun-  
sel's good and sage;  
My soul may be distorted, my carcass  
out of shape,  
But I'll follow C. P. up until his mouth  
does gape.

I am Peter the growler,  
I live on Dead Lake shore;  
I am a genuine howler,  
And this is the way I roar.